The One With Your Name

I go to the Second Amendment Picnic and potato salad
great as it almost always is, Left or Right. The high-
alcohol beer they’ve tapped cuts the back of the throat
agreeably. A great chromatic frying vibe till the speeches.

By that time all jumps in blinding sunshine and
I challenge the most surreal advocate by

saying that the Second Amendment has become
a shabby burlesque danced by John Birch
Justices to embody The Conservative Wet Dream.

Escorted to my car by fellows
boisterous but gentle, except the boy
who claims a bullet has my name.

How would that be done, literally?
Programmed laser engraving be-
yond precision? Lovely

object nestled thence in a clip with
others to await its turn for Freedom?